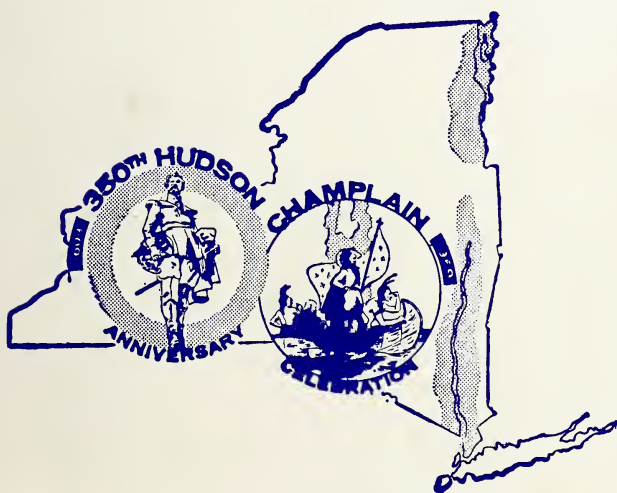


THE FLOW

of

DESTINY

1609 - 1959



R. B. de Corday

To Frank
with best wishes
and my sincere hope
for good fortune and
good luck

Your friend
Raefer.

In Commemoration of the 350th Anniversary of the
discovery of the valley of the Hudson River
1609 - 1959

The Flow of Destiny

Kenneth S. Corday

By R. B. de Corday



Dedicated to those who love the Hudson River and
more especially to the kind and gracious lady who
made this work possible.

All rights reserved
Copyright, 1959 by
Radford B. de Corday

First Printing

Processing and photo printing
by State Studio,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Walsworth Publishing Company, Inc.
Marceline, Missouri
District Office,
Cortland, N. Y.

Introduction

The Hudson River valley of New York is one of the most important and most beautiful waterways in North America, as well as one of the first to be discovered. Three hundred and fifty years ago, in 1609, Henry Hudson, an Englishman, discovered the valley while exploring the Atlantic Coast for a passage to the East. Through the years we have seen his discovery grow; we have witnessed creation in every phase, the product of human endeavor. Indeed, much of this struggle has had its origin right here. But what object can these memories have? Why even look back?

In a sense, it is the objective of this work to answer that question. To set aside a year of festivities for a particular reason implies that this reason must have a certain significance in the annals of history. The cardinal point of the dedication of this year would seem to be greatness. This would bear out the essence which we feel, the meaning which lies deep in each of us who live as part of this valley. It is the heroic embodied in that which was discovered--the achievements of men, their thoughts, their very lives. It is the valley, its beauty, its awesome Godliness. It is our destiny.

The paramount question for us to decide, I think, lies in how we are to take this importance. Some would exclaim that it is to give thanks to our ancestors; others would say to have fun, to use the year for the enjoyment of life, to make merriment. And yet both are wrong.

This year must mean many things to us. To look back upon those stout men, yes. To have joy, to laugh, of course. But majorly, I believe our object must be to portray our valley, to bring forth its impression. Not what the Hudson is part of, not what it is to which it belongs, but what this valley is alone, its individual meaning, its spirit, its very existence.

It is the destiny of the valley which we who live in it hold so dear. It is the intimacy between us, the warmth from within. Many hundreds of years ago, the Indians had a saying:

"Look for the river that flows two ways and you'll find peace and contentment and happiness!"
And so it is with us.

We are not unduly interested with our past, although many have accused us of being so. Our concern lies instead with the lingering feeling of our past, which surrounds one at every turn in the road. In many ways it is this which has made our present what it is and our fate what it will be. We accept this and, in fact, we nourish it.

The fortune of our valley seems written in effort, the unfaltering strivings of the pioneers, the merry Hollanders, the devout Huguenots, 'handsome Germans, the industrious Danes and Swedes, dissatisfied, adventurous Englishmen and Scots. Their memory lingers in every little clove, on the hillsides and by every brook. "Ever Upward," their motto, is the immensity which we honor, be it with prayer, with merriment, or humble gratefulness.

So we rise this year to display an affection, to reaffirm our belief in ourselves, in our valley and in our mutual destiny. And despite the belittling of those who see too little, we wish to pause a moment and ponder the changing of time. There is, sometimes, a reward in stopping to take stock of the blessings one really has, a pause in which to look about, to see just a little deeper. There is something very grand and precious flowing through this valley; it is so much more than just a place where the old meets the new and shapes it into its own conception. Let us look about at that which has made us. Let us have a "yes" for life, and with confidence, we can look to the future.

The Hudson Valley, New York
February, 1959

R. B. de Corday

The Flow of Destiny

Fair and majestic, a virgin dream...to fight for, to die over, but never to be held in tyranny...She is the flow of destiny.



THE DISCOVERER...the ill-fated Hudson from the statue at Kingston.

"We found a pleasant place below steep little hills." So recalled Verrazano, the first European to discover the Hudson River. In 1524, while exploring the Atlantic Coast for the king of France, he accidentally sailed his little sloop, "The Dauphin," into New York Harbor. Verrazano was not greatly impressed however, and France was too preoccupied with internal disorder to capitalize on his discovery. The Hudson was to lay unclaimed for nearly a hundred years longer.

In 1609, Henry Hudson, an Englishman in the employ of the Dutch East India Company, was investigating the coast of North America in search of the Northwest Passage. In September, on a day of "Faire weather," he sailed his sloop, "The Half Moon," into a large harbor, and found the land to be "pleasant with Grasse and Flowers and goodly trees..." The bay into which he had sailed, verged into the valley of a large river. Hudson stayed in the valley for several days, taking notes on the animals, the lay of the land and the Indian inhabitants. He journeyed as far north as the present site of Albany, where he was forced to turn by shallow water. His dream of a passage vanished, but Hudson realized the importance of his findings, and reported them to the Dutch East India Company, under whose sponsorship further exploration was made and colonization effected.

The tale which flows as a result of the discoveries of 1609 is intense, of immense proportions. It is sacrifice and effort, honor, and glory. It is the birth of a way of life, the founding of a nation.

Nieu Netherland, as the Dutch called their new colony, was to be the jewel in the Dutch crown. In 1626, Pieter Minuit purchased Manhattan Island for trinkets said to be worth \$24.00. Fort Nassau was established at Nieu Amsterdam, Fort Orange at what is now Albany, and Wiltwyck, presently Kingston. The colonizers were principally Dutch and French. Many of those families whom we associate as Dutch however, were not. The Broncks were Danes, the Halenbecks, German, the Hoffmans, Swedes. The Witts, Schuylers, the Rensselaers, the Schoenderwoerts, were Dutch. The French were Huguenot French--La Montagne, Hasbrouck, Du Bois, Le Fevre, well-known, honored names in our state's history.

The Dutch settlement was majorly a financial matter. The

fur trade flourished and beaver skins became a monetary unit. Land value grew, huge landholdings began to appear, and from this came the great manors, the Patroonships like Rensselaerwyck, Verplancks and Cortlands.

The Dutch were about as unpuritan as opposites can be. They were a merry, joyful people, full of zeal for life. They were tolerant to a point, well educated and naturally curious. They brought books from Holland, culture and refinement, and that almost natural Dutch tendency to love ideals. Out of the wilderness they created a civilization.

In 1664, Petrus Stuyvesant, the immortal Dutch Governor, lost Nieu Netherland to the English. About the same time the Hudson saw a sharp influx of English settlers, many coming from New England, others with the English Governor Nichols, in 1664. They, like the Dutch, were mainly concerned with land development and the beaver trade. They did not seek to destroy the Dutch culture, but rather to fuse it with the English. The Patroonships became manors in the fashion of English Baronies, but land control was left fundamentally, in Dutch hands.

One of the great English manors was Livingston of Livingston Manor. This manor deserves mention because it is one of the few which has survived to the present. Clermont House is the palatial seat of the present "premier river lord," Mr. Robert Livingston, Esquire. Robert Fulton's steamboat was named in honor of this magnificent house and it was here that Fulton married Harriet Livingston. The Livingstons have remained where others have vanished, as a symbol of a way of life that is greatly a part of the Hudson River Valley.

The 18th century saw the arrival of many new groups. The Palatines from Germany, the Irish, the Scots under Lachlan Campbell. The valley was growing, towns sprung from the shoreline; a new phase was in the making.

On the horizon black clouds were forming and then at once, thunder broke loose--The French and Indian War. Troops marched north to defend such newly-founded places as Fort William, Fort George, Fort Edward, and to fight the great battle in which massive Fort Carillon was to become strategic Fort Ticonderoga. Albany sprung to life to become a thriving military depot, supplying lines of great armies, the meeting place for Highlanders

from Scotland, regulars from Britain and raw colonial Provincials. A British army doctor, watching the irregular Provincials drill, composed a tune and "Yankee Doodle" was born. New France was lost to the English, a new era was made, and out of its midst the valley became the key to the colonies.

New Yorkers were thinking, taxes were rising, the landlords were suffering. Men began pondering such questions as representation, the rights of Englishmen. Their thoughts were not peaceful--revolt was in the air. Yet, they wondered about Englishmen fighting Englishmen.

The Revolution did not spare the valley. In fact, it appeared to dwell in it. Once again the post-roads echoed with the beat of marching boots. Proud lines of scarlet regulars, strange Germans from Hesse, marching to suppress the rebels. But the Minute-Men came out. Militia men from Dutchess and Ulster, from Albany and Orange, and from down the river were ready to defend their beliefs.

Events ran bad for the New Yorkers, victory seemed a forgotten word. Howe, Burgoyne and St. Leger decided upon a spontaneous three way campaign to split the colonies and end the war. Burgoyne was to come down the Champlain, Barry St. Leger across the Mohawk and Howe up the Hudson. It was a marvelous plan and had it not been for a strange twist of events, it might have materialized. As it happened, General Herkimer stood his ground against St. Leger's Tories and Indians at Oriskany. Howe, after bringing the Hudson to his feet, decided to winter in Philadelphia, and retreated leaving Burgoyne to complete his mission. Burgoyne, "Gentleman Johnny," confident of his two partners, marched south to gaze upon the spires of Albany; unaware of St. Leger's fate and Howe's "homesickness." At Stillwater, upon the Hudson, the New York Militia met his long red columns. The battle which followed was one of those events which shape the life of history -- Saratoga, the turn of the tide.

Out of the skirmishes came great names. Philip Schuyler, the dashing General from Albany, who so distinguished himself at Saratoga. The Clintons, George and James, both Generals of the New York Militia. Richard Montgomery, who led the attack against Canada, became the first General to be killed

in the Revolution. Benedict Arnold, hero of Saratoga, turned the plans of West Point over to the English and became the most famous traitor in history. The valley glistened with great moments in the life of a nation.

The war's end brought the new challenge of building a stalwart state out of the gallant Royal Province of New York. The 1780's were trying moments for the greats of the patriotic cause. Their course of action had to be right, their creation must be made to stand alone on a firm, sound base. From their endeavour a state government was founded and a Constitution established, with George Clinton as first Governor. In 1787, The Constitution of the United States was ratified at Poughkeepsie, after a bitter debate. In 1789, Washington was inaugurated First President at Federal Hall, in New York City. New York had become one of the United States of America. "Excelsior" was it's motto-- "Excelsior," ever upward.

Commercially, the backbone of the valley has been water --the Hudson, which is one of the few North American rivers open to ocean trade. Albany, seventy-five miles from the sea is a port, open to most trans-Atlantic traffic the year around.

A few miles above Albany begins the famous Erie Canal. The Erie connects the Great Lakes with the Hudson and thus, the sea, opening half the nation to maritime trade. South, at Kingston, ends the Delaware and Hudson Canal, now only a barren ditch and a legend. At one time it was the means of transporting Pennsylvania's coal to the east, and was therefore, one of the vital transportation links of the country.

In by-gone days, the Hudson was aglow with sails; the world famed Hudson River Sloop was at its height. In fact, there was never one out of sight. Schooners from New York, Poughkeepsie, from Hudson and Albany, carried cargo to every corner of the earth. Day boats to Albany; night boats to New York. But those days shall never be seen again. Dayliners, tugs and barges and ocean vessels are all that remain. In the stead of progress, our valley has grown in many directions.

Jacob Steendam, the Poet of Nieu Amsterdam, once wrote:

"This is the land with milk and honey Flowing
With healing herbs like thistles freely growing
The place where buds of Aaron's rod are blowing
O, this is Eden."

Steendam felt the pulse of the Hudson, the strangeness of the man from the valley, the distinctness which separates him from other men. In his history, his creativity, in his life, he seems one with his land. It is more than a tradition for him to love his home, when he can see about himself so much more to life. Thusly is it in this valley.

The proud, majestic Hudson is a sudden river; it is encountered suddenly and is left abruptly. One may travel for miles in relatively flat country, dotted only with simple little hills, then at once mountains loom ahead, and the entire landscape changes. The shore is dotted with little inlets, with kills and the mouths of large creeks. Sometimes the river is narrow, then in a flash it opens into a large bay, a mile or more across. At places it is nearly calm, moving only very slowly. At other spots it rushes like a rapid. Sometimes it is blue, other times, green, and even grey and muddy. Gusts spring up from the quiet. Thunderclaps come from nowhere. Rain appears in an instant and vanishes just as fast. The mist of the early morning hangs like a sea, but around ten o'clock seems to vanish in a matter of moments. Each little clove has its particular secret. In the summer one seems greener than the other, each kill, bluer than the last. That is the way of this valley.

Albany is the first great city encountered on the Hudson. It is the Capitol of New York State and is therefore, a government town, rich in history and fine buildings. The Deleware and Hudson Railroad offices, located here, are housed in one of the most splendid buildings in the valley.

Southward, on the river, lies Kingston, once the State Capitol. It was burnt by the British during the Revolution, but lived to come back as an historical and cultural center. It is quaint, delightfully pleasant and proudly, very clean.

Poughkeepsie, in the Mid-Hudson, is the home of world renowned Vassar College. Aside from being an educational center, it is the hub of a highly industrialized area.

Newburgh, the all-American city, was the scene of Washington's encampment of 1782-1783. The General's headquarters is in the heart of the city; Generals Knox, Gates and Greene had their headquarters a short distance away. Across the river is Beacon, with its famous incline railway to the top of Mount Beacon.

New York City is the metropolis - financial capitol of the world. Its streets and parks, buildings and stores are known the world over. Its libraries and museums are among the finest. It is a gay city and a serious city; it has many extremes in all directions. Nothing is ever new in New York and rarely is anything ever startling. Its wonders never cease.

On the west of Manhattan Island flows the gentle Hudson. One may look from the tip of Manhattan down the bay, and watch the river as it rushes through the narrows. Faster and faster; it is an awesome sight, as if one were watching the passing of a great thing. And in a way it is, for twilight is ascending - out to its end at sea. A mission is accomplished, but its story shall never end.



A Northern Crag....

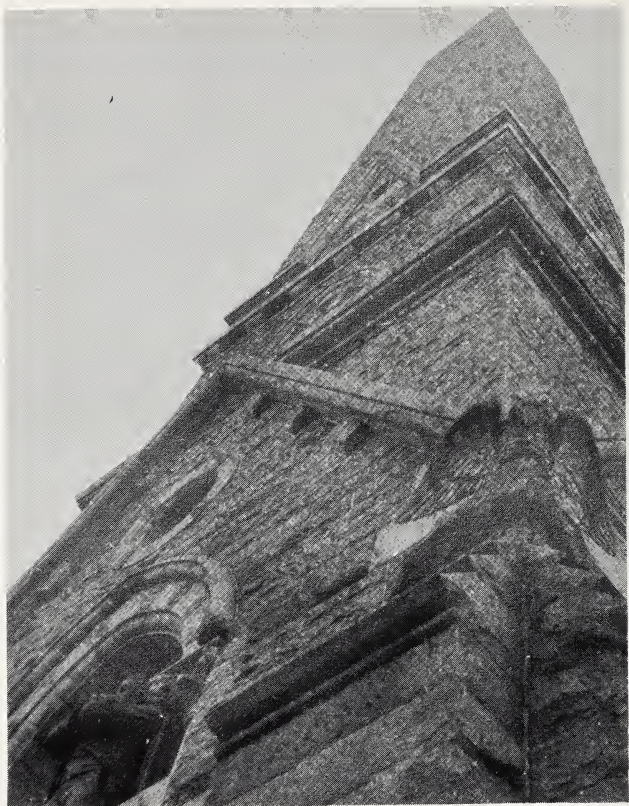
AND THE COLONISTS HELD THEIR GROUND...



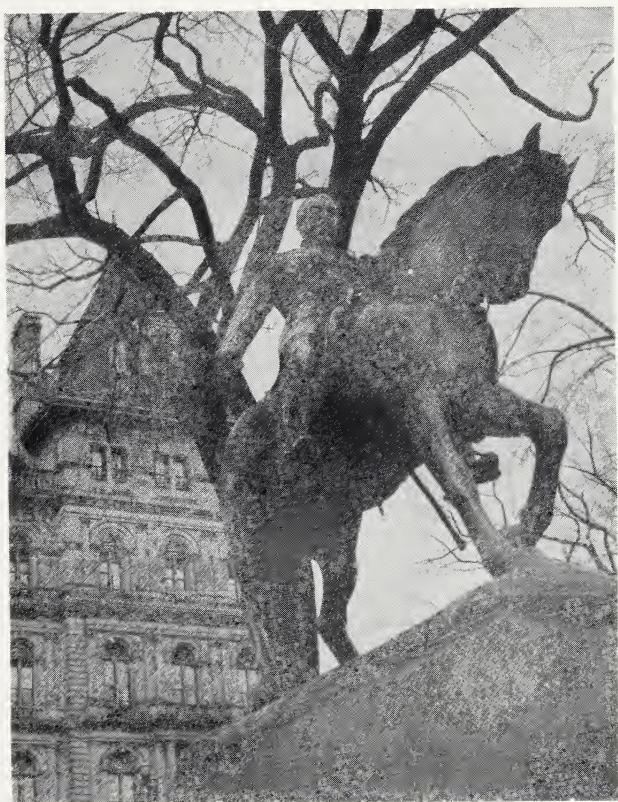
Saratoga...upon this field, during the battles of September and October, 1777, America's Independence was assured....



A traitor's glory....near this spot, Benedict Arnold was wounded in the leg, while gallantly leading an assault in the name of the cause which he later betrayed. The memorial to Arnold's leg....



The Saratoga Monument



Capitol Hill...The memorial to General Philip Sheridan, with the New York State Capitol in the background...



The splendid columns of the State Education Building...Albany.



The Henry Memorial...in honour of
Professor Joseph Henry, inventor of
the Electro-Magnet.



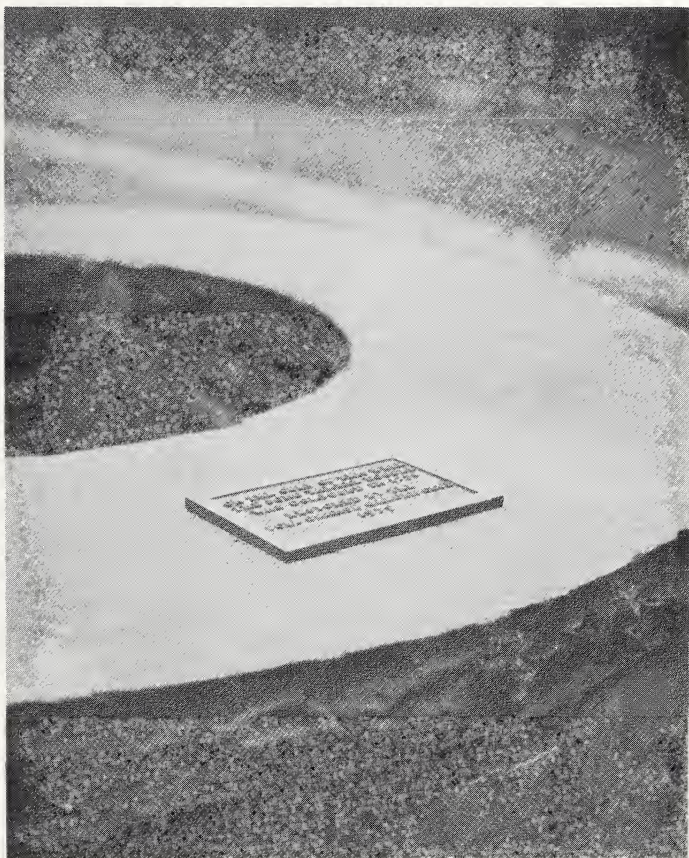
The tower of the Delaware and Hudson
Railroad Building....



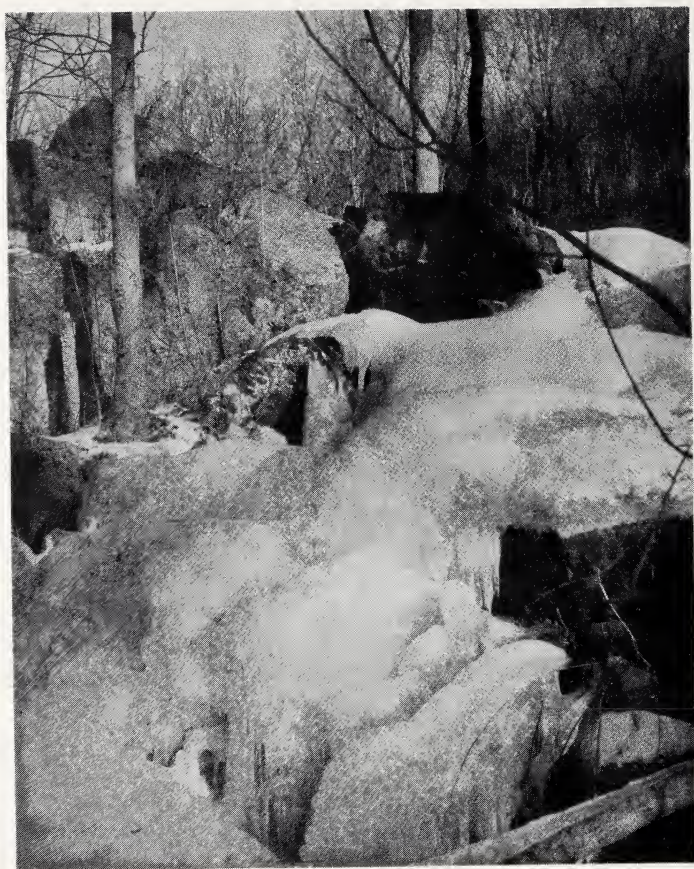
The beautiful home of General Philip Schuyler. A tomahawk scar, in the banister of the main staircase, bears witness to the fact that the house was once attacked by Indians. This mansion was the scene of many historical events, among them being the marriage of Alexander Hamilton to the beautiful Elizabeth Schuyler.



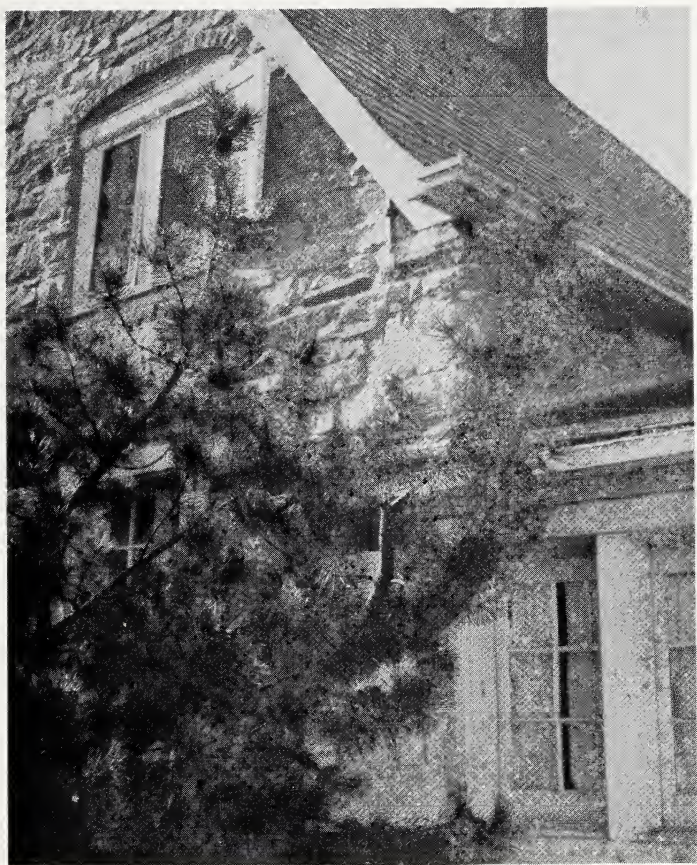
At Fort Crailo...the van Rensselaer
Manor House....Rensselaer, New
York.



The "Yankee Doodle" well....At this well in 1758, amused by the awkward drilling of the American Militia, a British army doctor composed America's favorite marching tune: "Yankee Doodle." Fort Crailo.



A winter water-fall....



The Bronck House at Coxsackie....
This splendid example of 17th century
Dutch architecture was built by Jonas
Bronck, for whom the Bronx of New
York City was named....



The Tower of Lindenwald....Palatial mansion of the Eighth President of the United States, Martin van Buren. The illustrious author, Washington Irving, was once a tutor in this house....

THE LAND IN THE SKY



Up into the Catskills.....

The mysterious, mythical Catskills, rolling and turning, up and down; casting a queer spell on all that surrounds. Abrupt and contradicting; a strange land, with a sky that bewitchingly reflects the image of the beauty beneath. Within these hills, the spirits play, ghosts abound and legends spring at the unsuspecting. Oh, indeed! These are extraordinary hills to understand....



Listen some summer afternoon, as a mountain storm approaches, and you'll surely not miss the wooden clash of bowling balls. Curious doings, I admit, and yet, there are some who are said to have even heard the jolly laughter of those little men of Hendrik Hudson's crew.....



It is said by some who should know, that those who live in this land are "touched." I doubt if what we believe necessarily makes us "touched," for I can only advise the doubter, that things happen in these hills....



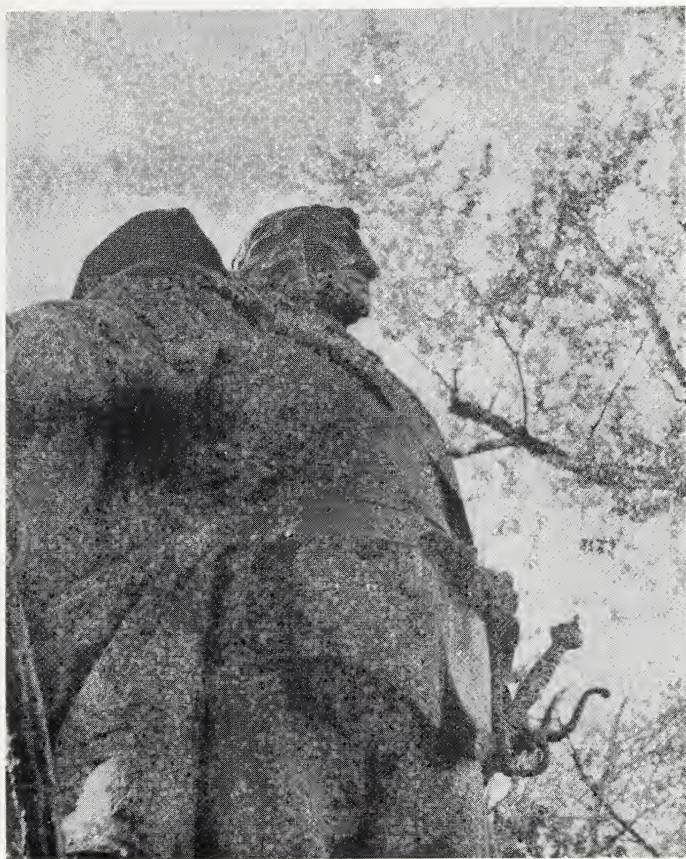
This is the home of Rip van Winkle. Much has passed since his time, as in all of the valley. New faces have come, strange sights have appeared...new wonders have risen to live with the old. Indeed, we sometimes search in vain for an old friend. Like Rip, we wonder, by God, are we not "bewitched?" But alas, we have only to look about; beyond the unfamiliar plainly lies the recognizable. "There stood the Kaatskill Mountains."



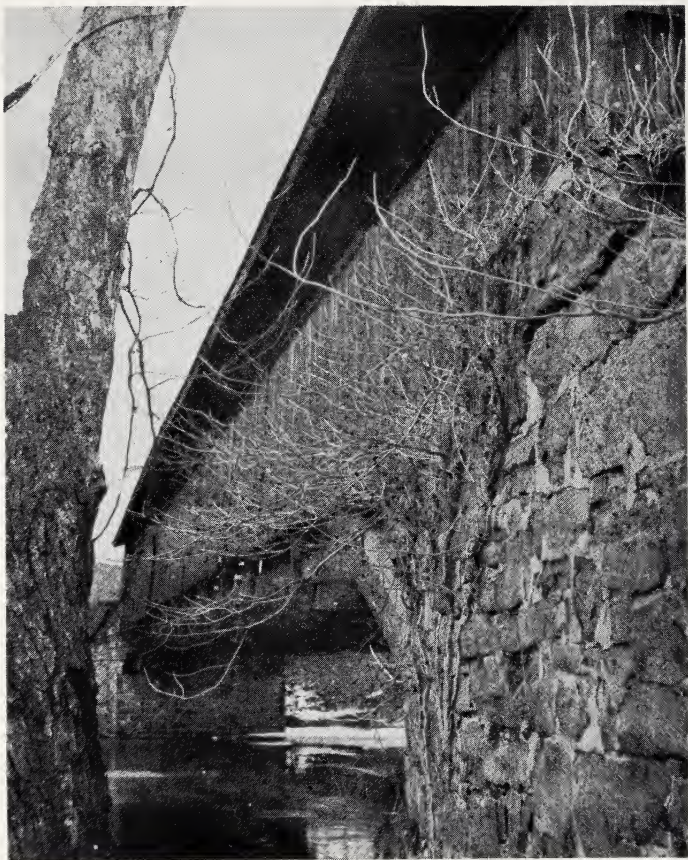
The Senate House, Kingston, built in 1676, is the oldest public building in the United States. In this charming house, in September, 1777, New York's first State Legislature held its meeting....



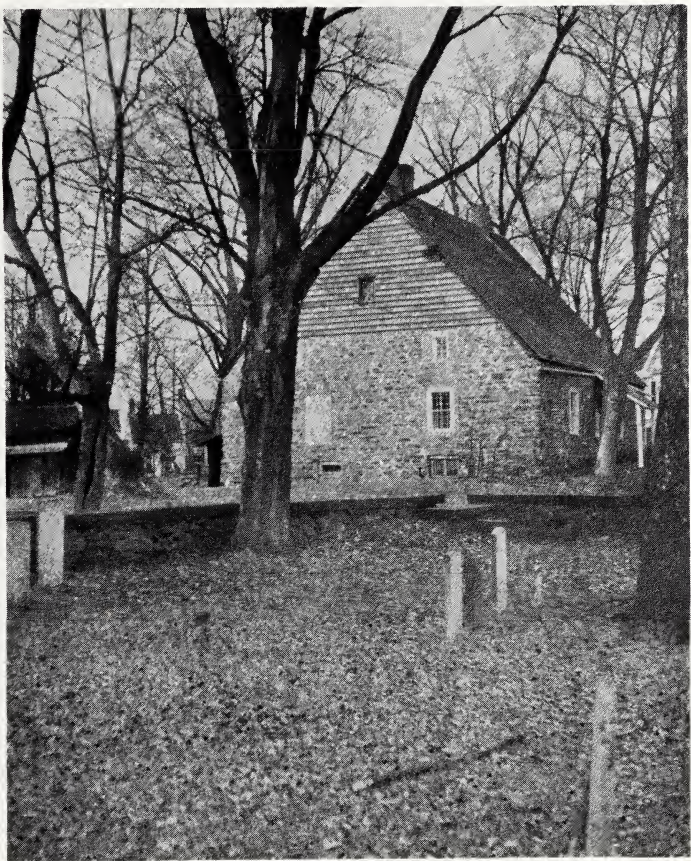
George Clinton's grave, in the old Dutch churchyard at Kingston. This pleasant little city was the scene of his inauguration as first Governor of New York....



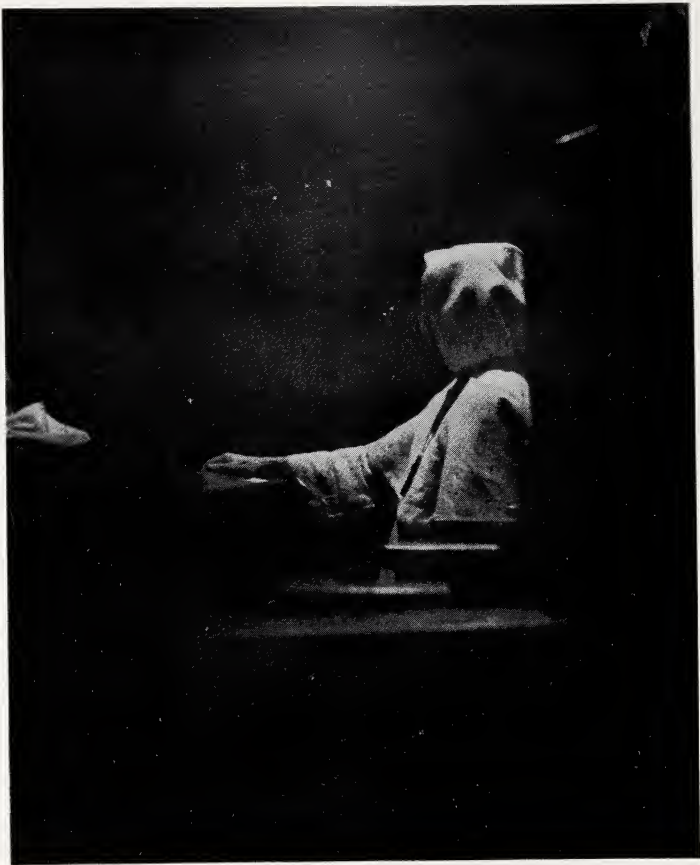
The memorial to Petrus Stuyvesant. Under his authority, Kingston, or Wiltwyck, as it was then known, was rebuilt, after it had been sacked by Indians on two separate occasions.



The bridge at Rifton, one of the last covered bridges in the country.

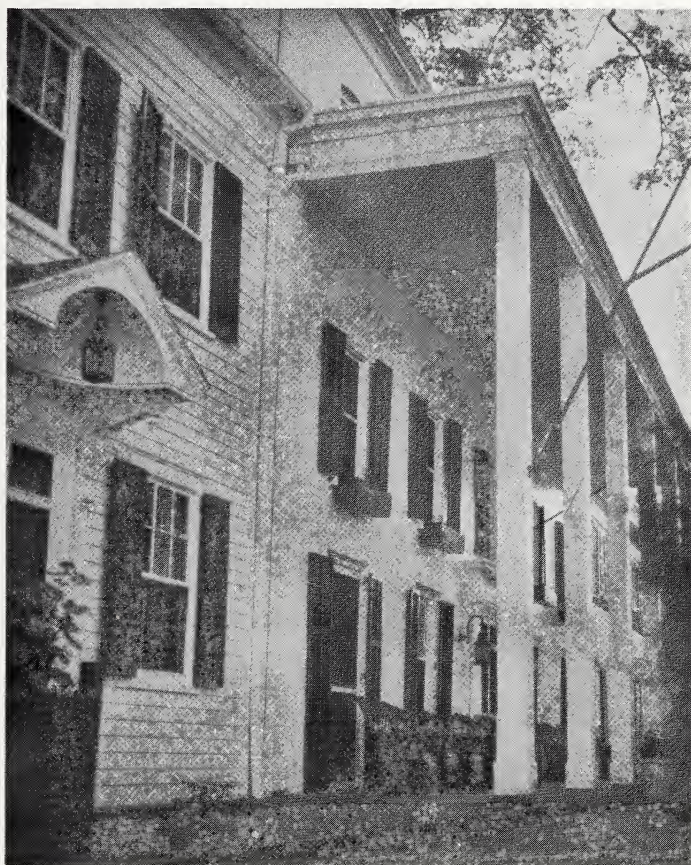


The Huguenots....Perhaps the most picturesque street in the state, is famed Huguenot Street in New Paltz. During the 17th century a group of French Religious Refugees built a settlement here. This little village has survived to this day, practically unaltered, and presents an uncomparable view into the 17th century....

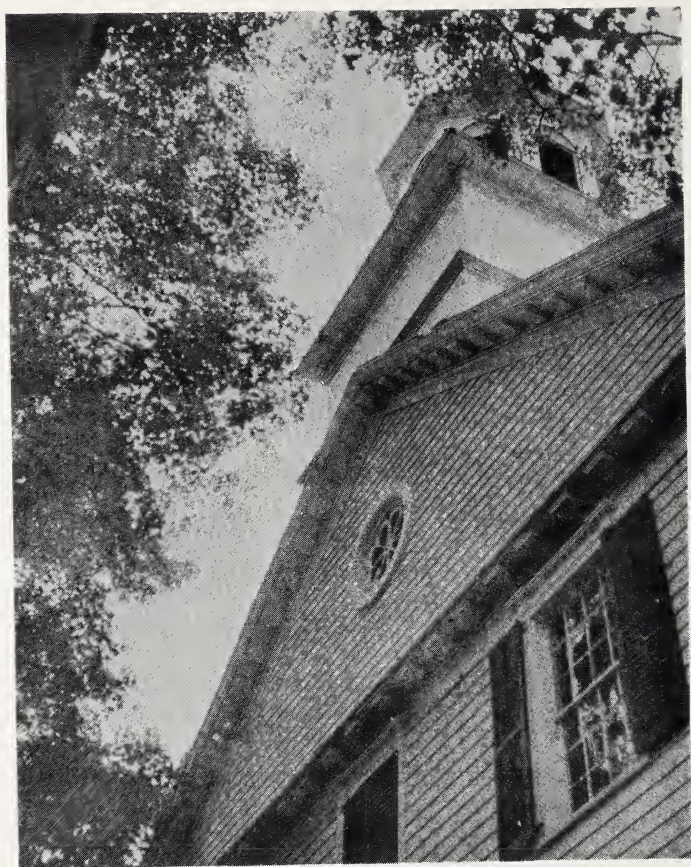


(By arrangement with the Episcopal Monestary of the Order of the Holy Cross, West Park, New York. Visitors Welcome).

The Solitude of a Monk.



Beekman Arms at Rhinebeck...oldest
hotel in America....



St. Paul's of Wurtemberg...church of the sturdy German Palatines...Beekman's "High Dutchers." In many instances these 18th century Germans suffered privations worse than the Pilgrims. In this church they worshipped and in its yard they lie buried.....



The Vanderbilt Mansion...Hyde Park, N. Y.



The Hudson at Crum Elbow.



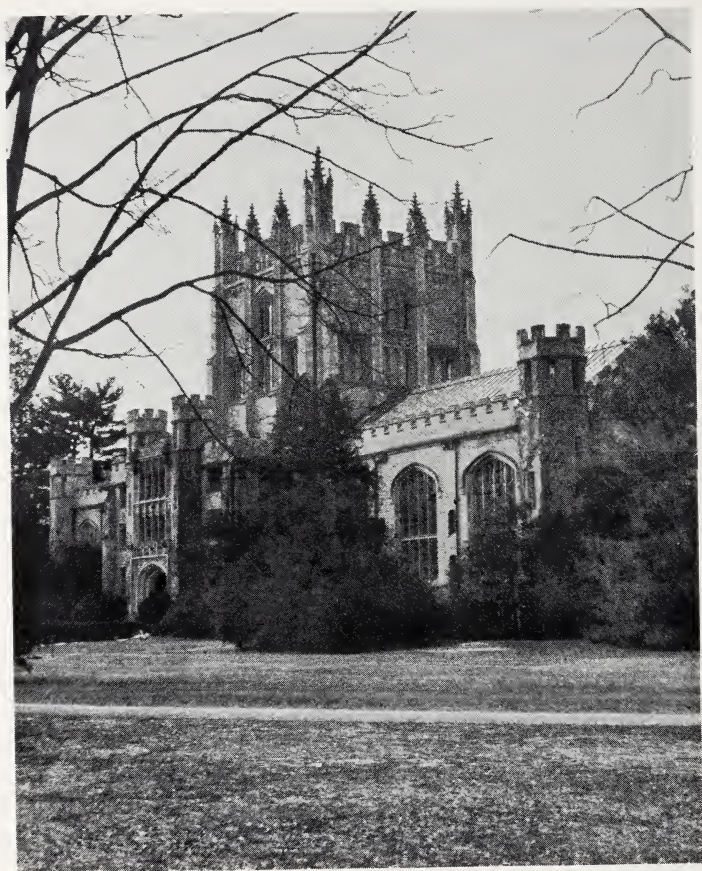
A well lived Dutch House...tranquil
reminder of the past....



The home of Franklin Delano Roosevelt
...32nd President of the United States,
Hyde Park, New York.



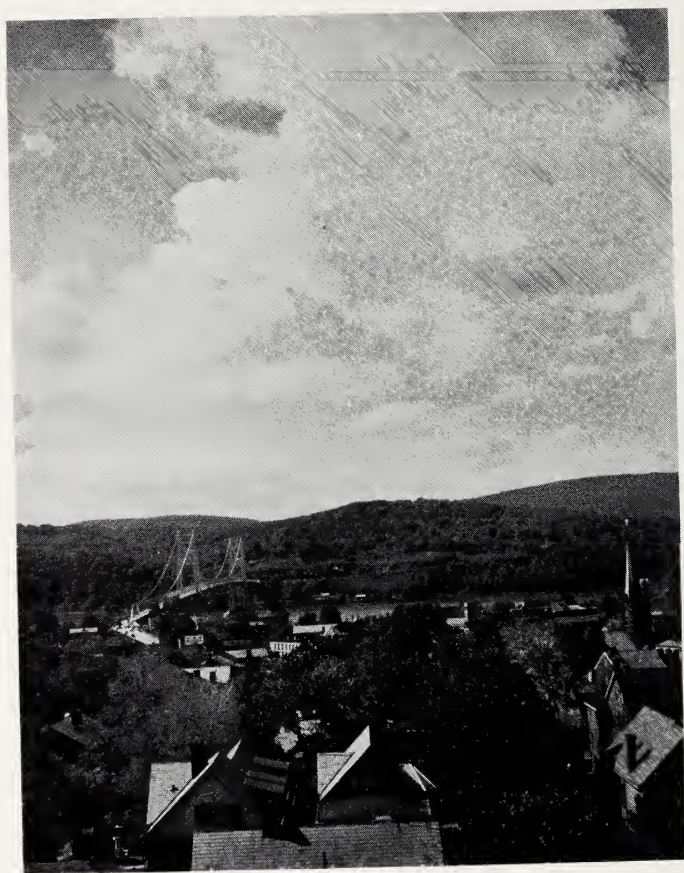
President Roosevelt's Grave...Hyde Park.



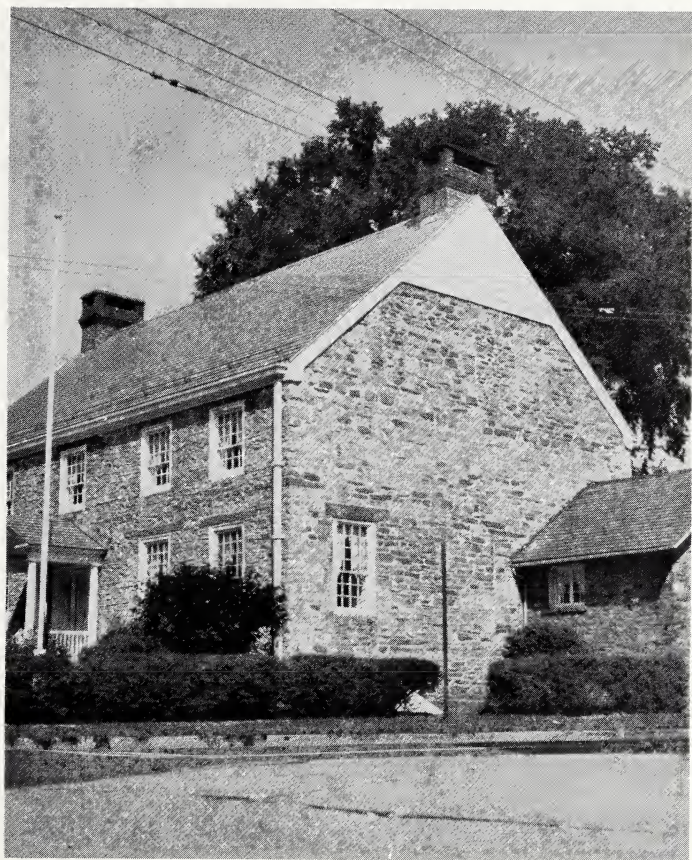
Vassar College...the library.



Vassar College...the Music Hall.



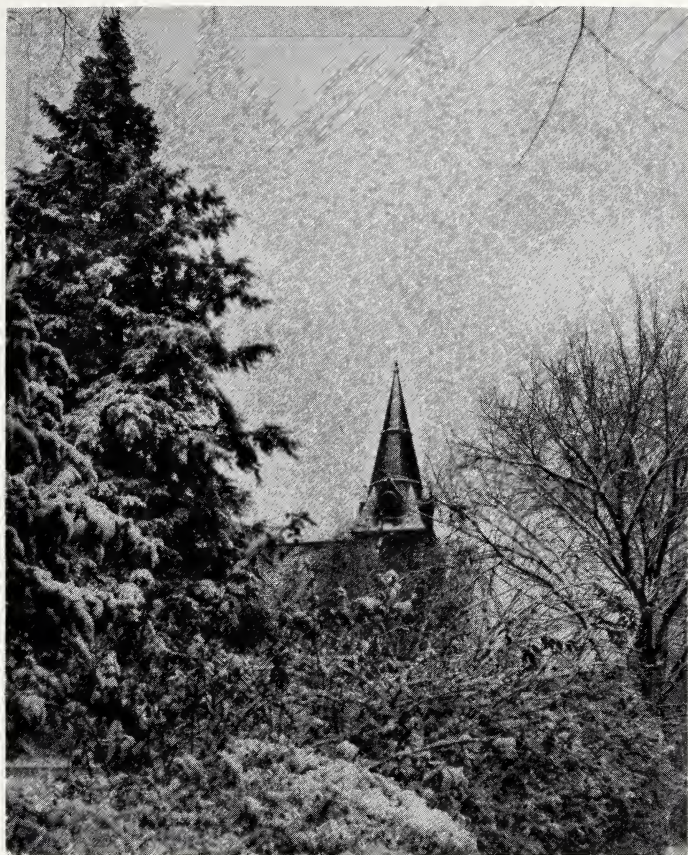
The lazy Hudson...Poughkeepsie.



The Clinton House...residence of Col. Udney Hay, prominent officer of Washington's staff and Quartermaster-General for the State of New York. In later life, he became more famous as a leader in the establishment of the State of Vermont. Governor and Mrs. Clinton were frequent guests in this house.



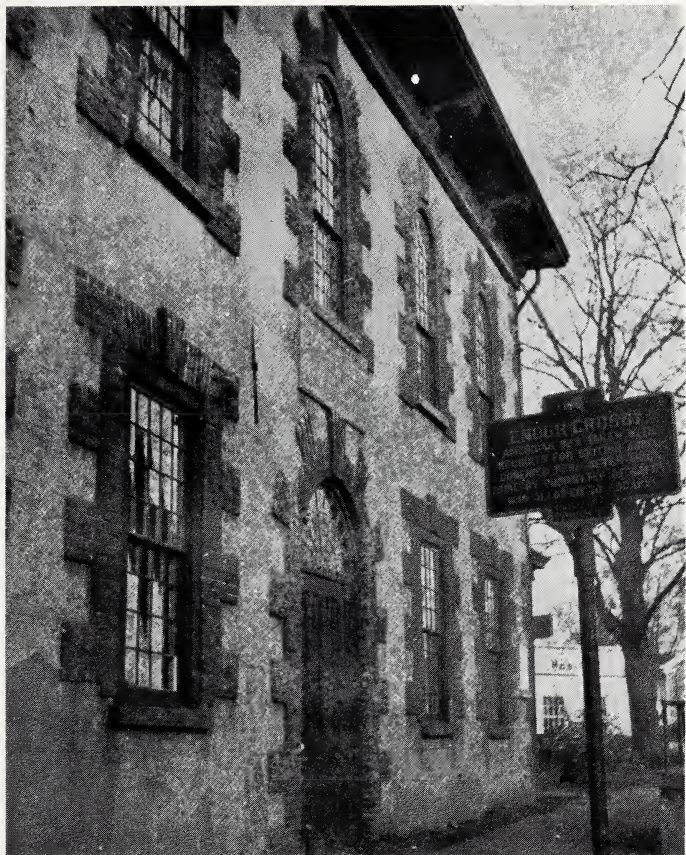
The Constitutional Memorial....On July 26, 1788, the Constitution of the United States was ratified by New York in the Courthouse at Poughkeepsie.



A winter day.



Here shall the Press....the magnificent
Poughkeepsie Newspaper building..



The Dutch Church at Fishkill was used as a prison during the American Revolution. It was the scene for James Fenimore Cooper's renowned novel, "The Spy."



The Bird and Bottle, one of the last of the 18th century coach Inns, is located near Garrison on the Albany Post Road. An experience in colonial dining as well as an historic landmark.



The watch on the Hudson...Newburgh bay,
south to the Highlands.



Broadway, Newburgh....the All-American city. Mount Beacon, across the river, can be seen in the background.



The Minute-Man...a memorial to the New York Militiamen who held the Hudson for the American cause. Washington's Headquarters, Newburgh.



The Hasbrouck House, Newburgh. This charming 18th century farmhouse was the headquarters of General George Washington, during 1782 and 1783. The house, probably the most famous of all those used by the General, was the scene of his "refusal of the crown." Here, he and his wife, Martha, entertained most of the illustrious men of the day, including La Fayette. It is said that La Fayette was so impressed by the room of seven doors and one window, that he had a similar room constructed in his chateau in France.



The headquarters of Generals Knox, Gates and Greene at New Windsor. This house was frequented by most of the American and French Generals and it was here that the infamous "Armstrong letters" were written. Washington, during his stay at Newburgh, created a major scandal, when he escorted the daughter of one of the leading Tories to a ball, held here.



The Cantonment of 1782-1783. A stone arch, over a brook, comprises all that is left of the military highway which ran through the Revolutionary encampments. History records that the winter here, was even more severe than at Valley Forge. Threats of mutiny, encouraged by the "Armstrong letters" and a bankrupt national treasury added considerably to the misery of the Continental army.



Temple Hill...here, in the General Assembly Building, Washington obtained the renewed loyalty of his officers and thus averted the possibility of mutiny.



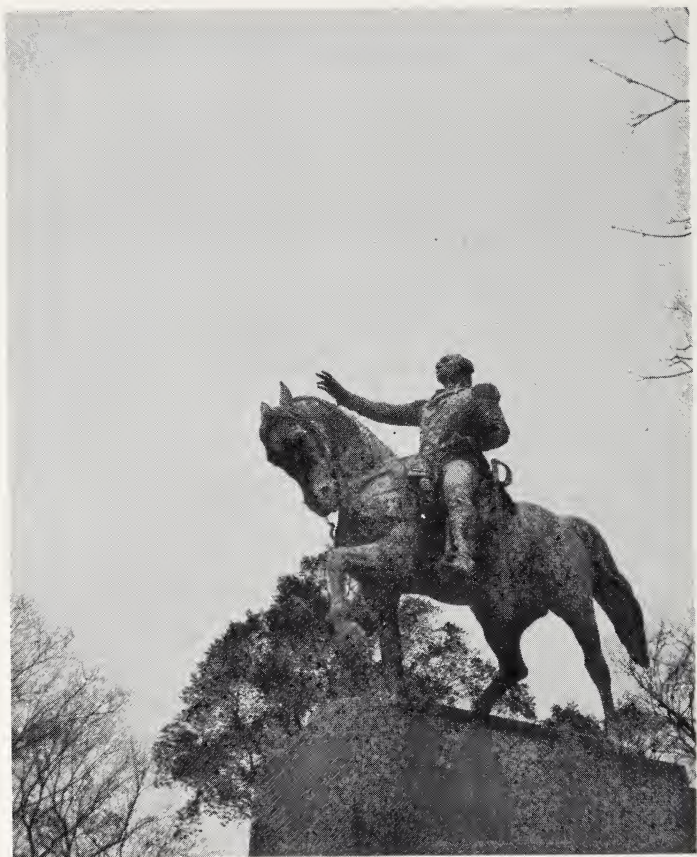
The Pastor of Goodwill...an early minister's grave....



Mighty Storm King....

Aloof from the world---
Awe-inspired Storm King;
Splendid, mysterious,
Towering home of the gods.

Summit in the clouds,
The valley kneels to thee;
To all greatness
Lingering on thine misty peak.



The Washington Monument...U.S.Military Academy.



Victory! West Point, founded in 1802,
is the United States Military Academy;
birthplace of American Generals.



The Highlands.



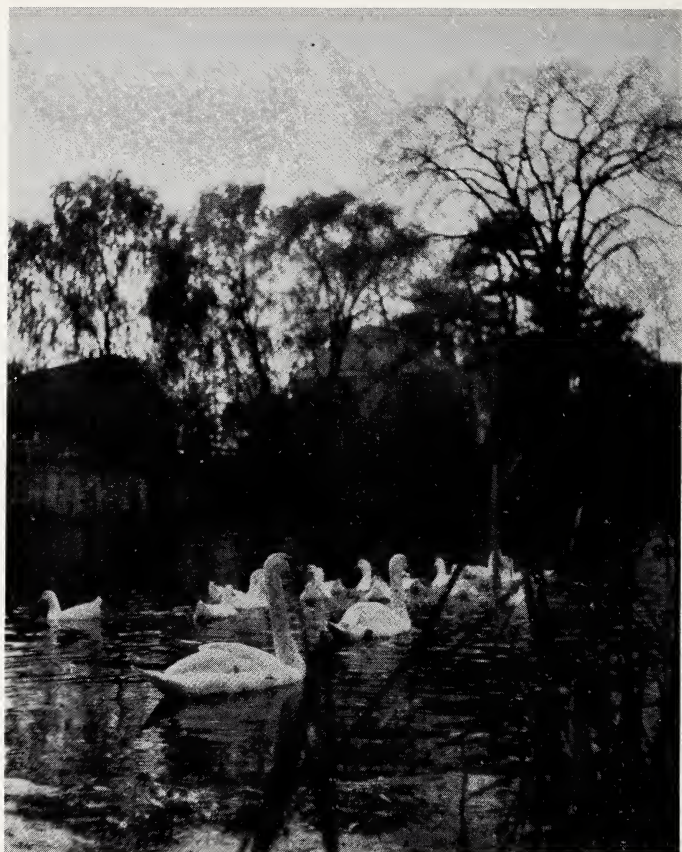
Stony Point. General "Mad Anthony" Wayne was wounded during his successful assault on the British works, located here.



An 18th century church.



Philipseburg Manor in Sleepy Hollow....
a delicious glimpse into 17th century New
Netherland.



Swans on the Millpond....Philipse
Manor Restoration, Sleepy Hollow.



Sleepy Hollow....



The Old Dutch Church...Sleepy Hollow.



The Tomb of Ulysses S. Grant, 18th
President of the United States.....



"The Grange," on Convent Avenue,
New York...home of the illustrious
Alexander Hamilton.



Alma Mater...Columbia University.



Times Square...busiest intersection
in the world.



The showplace of New York...Rockefeller
-Plaza.



Fifth Avenue...the New York Public Library,
with the Empire State Building in the back-
ground.



The United Nations.

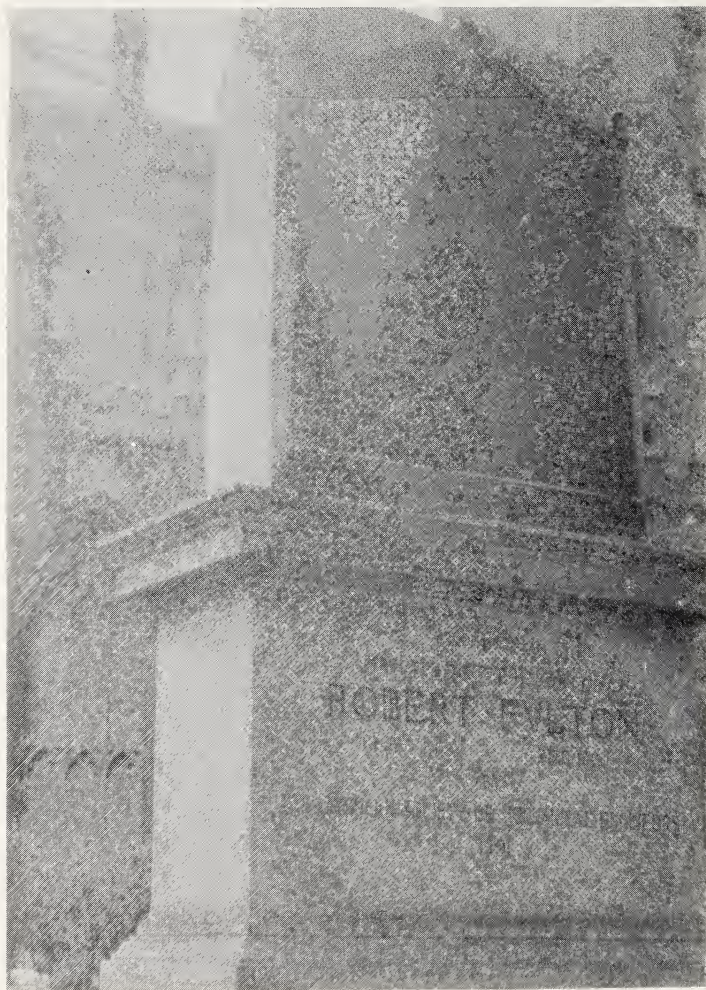


The birthplace of Theodore Roosevelt,
26th President of the United States...



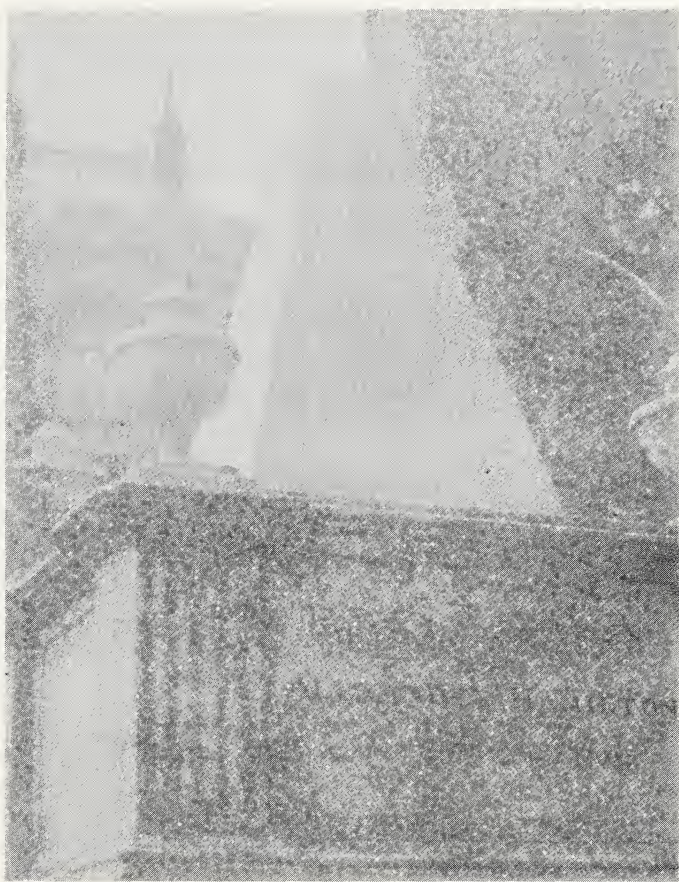
General Richard Montgomery's grave, at St. Paul's Chapel. St. Paul's, oldest church building in New York City, was attended by George Washington, and was the scene of church services at the first Inauguration...

Such Thoughts implanted in this soil....



Robert "Steamboat" Fulton's Grave....

TRINITY.



Alexander Hamilton...American immortal,
financial genius.

TWILIGHT....



Onward, past the city, into the twilight;
rushing on, onward, out to join the sea..

